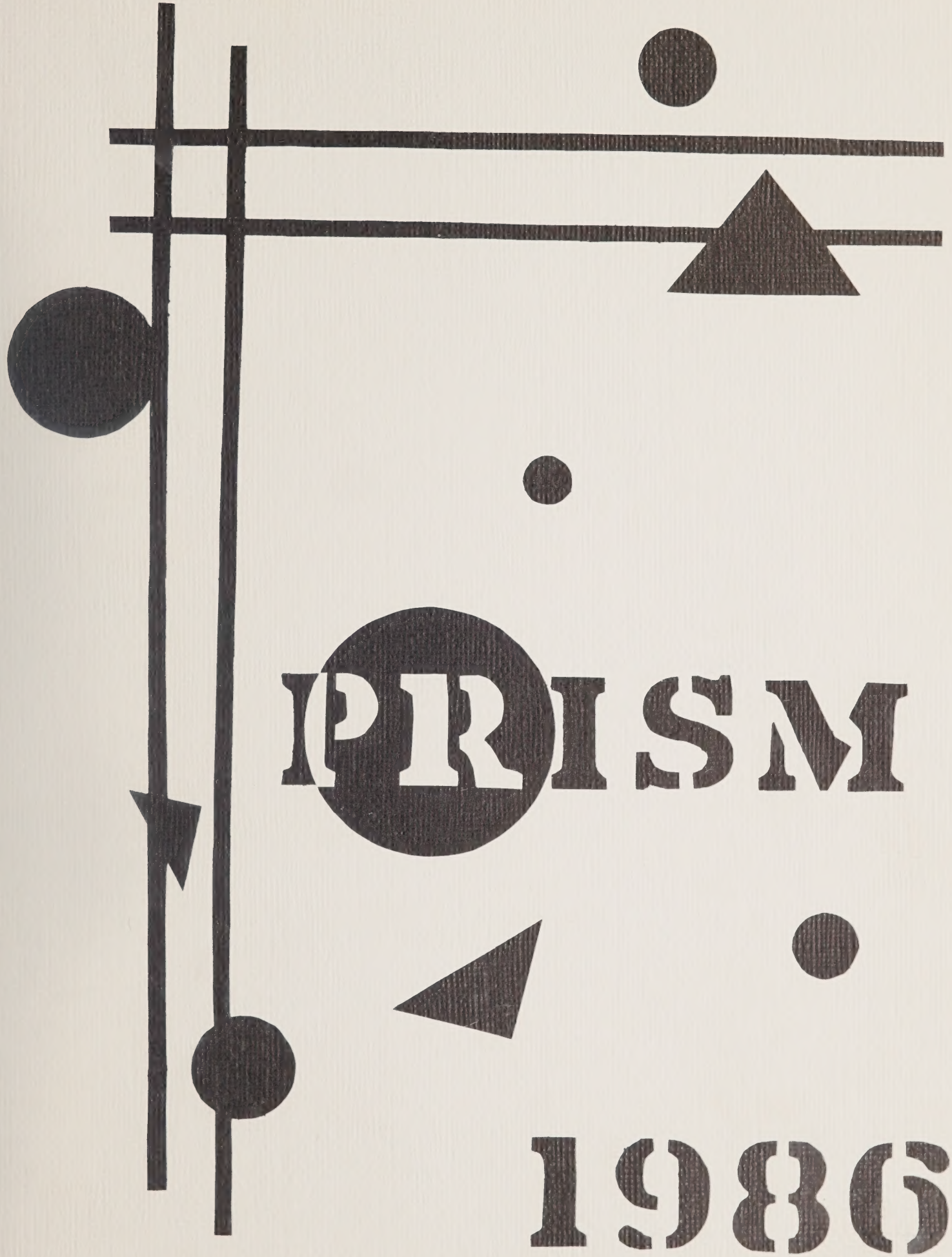
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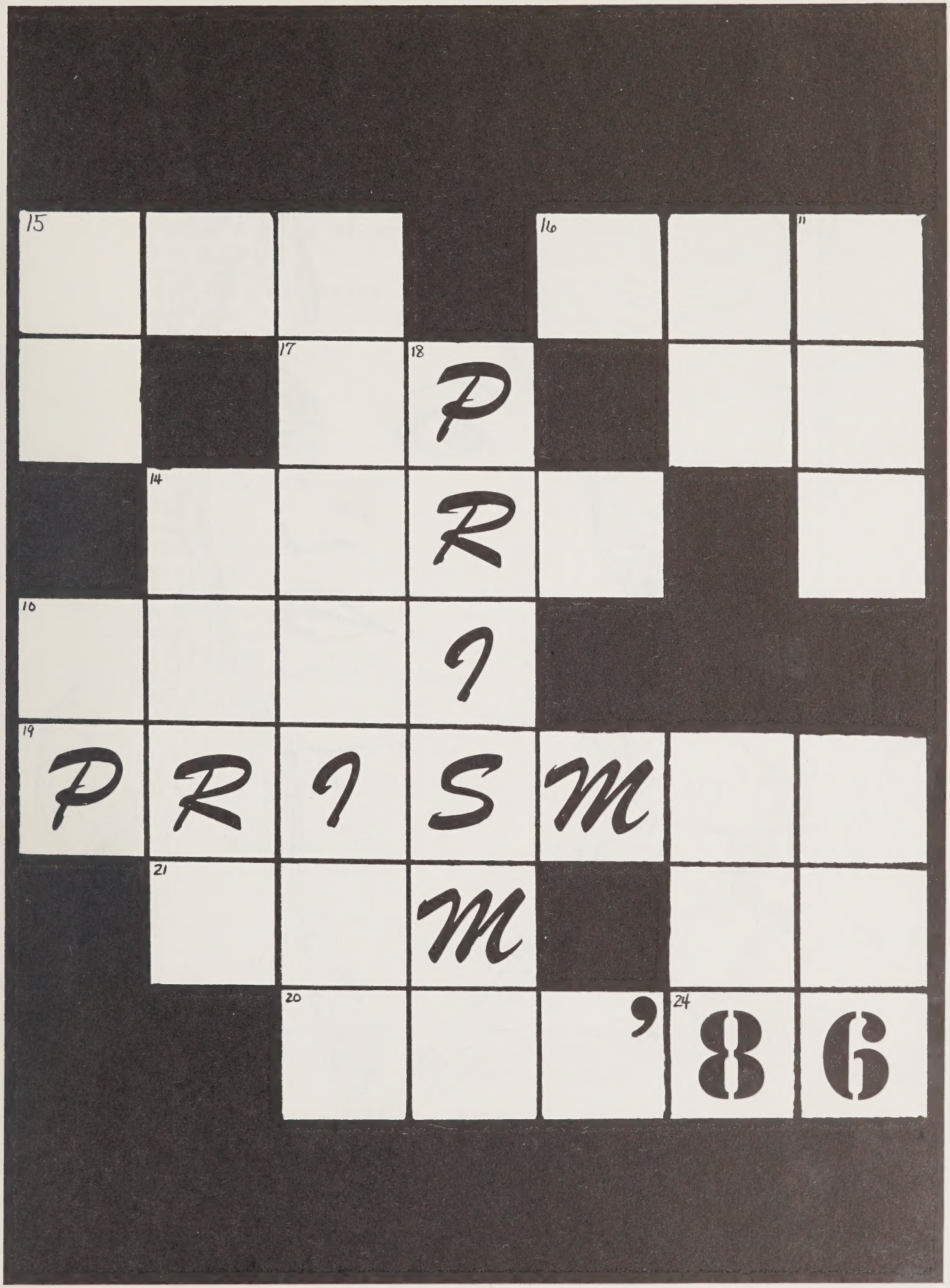
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Donna Carney

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Judges

John Crossno
Archie Ritchie
Jenny Spiker

Art

Cover: Pam Pierce
Title Page: Jenny Steele
Staff Page: Jenny Steele

1986 Winners

Poetry

1. Jenny Gibson "A Single Green Balloon"
2. Sandra Lynn Hasty "Blue Horse"
3. Ginger Rimer "Anger"

Prose

1. Jenny Gibson "Borderline"
2. Donna Edwards "Christmas Catharsis"
3. Tammy Taylor "Mr. Bonnie K. Taylor"

WHAT AM I?

Write, write, write
it's all I can think
yet my mind doesn't
want to obey...

My hand is itchy to
write and my pen
on edge yet what
or who do I write about?

Write pen, ten minutes
straight without time to
think of what to write.
Scribble, write, dead end...

Yet I keep on writing
hoping against hope that
something will come out
of these few sentences.

In years to come I
will look back upon
this paper and laugh,
trying to understand...

What was I hoping
to get out of this
yet I know.
I just couldn't settle
on one subject without
being too broad.

But aren't I being
too broad? All I started
out to do was write
about a curious subject
yet all I wrote about
was, trying to write...

Susan-Abernathy Johnson

Max smiled as she wrote the last few words of her paper on The Great Gatsby and put her pen down. If old Mr. Baker doesn't give me an A on this one I'll get someone to get rid of him just like they did poor Gatsby, she thought to herself. So far the only grade she'd managed to pull in Baker's class was a B. She'd almost gotten A's, but she couldn't ever push them over. Always on the borderline. That's the way most of her grades were. Max didn't let it bother her though. Only when her tennis coach pushed her about pulling them up did she worry about her grades.

Tennis was her life. It had been ever since she had picked up a racket in her ninth grade P.E. class. She'd played for four years on the high school tennis team. That was how she'd been able to attend the private college she was at in the first place-- tennis scholarships. Since her parents had been divorced and her father quit sending child letters, much less child support, there was no way her mom could even begin to pay for her education at a private school. Luckily, Max had proven herself on the tennis court as well in academics, and with scholarships in both she'd been able to come to Grayson College. She'd played number four on the tennis team and kept her GPA above a 3.0 her freshman year. Now as a sophomore, she was playing number two and giving the number one seed a tough time. Another borderline in her life.

As she thought about the tennis team, she went over to her dresser where she kept all of her pictures. There were the pictures of the tennis team this year and last year, old friends from high school, her younger brother and sister, her mother, and many of the new friends she'd made since she first started at Grayson. As she looked over the pictures, she heard someone calling from outside.

"Hey, Max." She went to the window and saw her roommate Terri looking up at her. She opened the window.

"Hey, Terr. What's up?"

"Listen, Jack and I are going to the mall. There's a new Car's album he wants to get. After that we thought we'd shop around for awhile. Wanna come?"

"I don't know. Are you leaving right now?" Max asked.

"Yeah. We can wait for you though if you need to do something to get ready. We're not in any hurry."

"That's OK," Max said.

"I'll treat you to a scoop of ice cream, Mint Chocolate chip, your favorite," Jack chimed in.

Max laughed. "That's pretty tempting, but I think I'll just stay here and bum around. Thanks anyway."

"If you're sure," Terri said and walked off holding Jack's hand. Max rested her elbows on the window sill and watched as the leaves outside rustled and the slow movement of the tree limbs cast dancing shadows across the ground. Fall was definitely here. Max felt a cold breeze brush against her cheek. She even thought she smelled the husky scent of a chimney fire coming from a house nearby. Some people really like to push the cold weather, she thought. She couldn't blame them though; she was ready to get out in the cool fresh air herself.

She slipped on her favorite pair of Levi's and pulled a hooded sweatshirt over her short brown curls. She looked in the mirror with a frown. As she ran her fingers through her hair, she thought to herself, if I could start all over again, I'd choose straight hair. There just wasn't much one could do with

a curly top. But she did have to admit that the soft brown curls that bounced along her forehead did enhance her sparkling green eyes. That was about it, though; the rest of her was plain. Sure she had a normal nose and a cute smile and an O.K. figure, but nothing compared to the sleek figure and flashy smile of her roommate Terri. But then again Terri and Max were two different people. You'd never catch Terri with a tennis racket in her hand.

Max picked up her walkman and her favorite James Taylor tape. She wrote Terri a quick note on the memo board. "Terri, went for a walk. Be back in time for dinner. Max." She bounded down the stairs and out the front door of her dorm.

Once outside she put her headphones on, stuck in the tape, hit the play button, and let herself relax as the mellow music began to fill her ears. While she walked along and noticed the red and yellow leaves that had magically seemed to turn color over night, Max couldn't help the excitement that filled her as she felt the first hint of fall. This had always been her favorite time of year. The weather was just cool enough for a sweatshirt and jeans but not quite warm enough for a jacket. She walked until she reached her favorite spot on campus, the base of a huge oak tree. She sat down on one of the roots and took her headphones off so she could enjoy all the sounds around her. As she reached to put her walkman in the front pocket of her sweatshirt, she felt something brush against her hand. Pulling it out, she recognized it as an old brown leaf. Must be left over from last year, she thought to herself. She sat twisting the leaf around in her fingers. Watching it twirl, she slowly remembered how it had gotten in her pocket. She tried to push the memory away, but it kept persisting. She couldn't block it out. Remembering that day only brought back memories from farther back in her life--memories she had managed to keep hidden until she'd started college. She dropped the leaf.

Her dad had given it to her one day last spring. All her memories had caught up with her then. It was the first time she had seen her dad since she was ten years old. An interval of almost nine years. Tears came to Max's eyes as she remembered everything again. When Max's parents had gotten divorced, her mother had moved from California to North Carolina to be closer to her family. Her father had visited once about a year after they'd moved. Max hadn't even talked to him. She had been hit by a car and was lying unconscious in a hospital bed in a room with another patient, a girl about her own age. They hadn't thought she'd make it. Her father had come with a stuffed animal in his hands. Max remembered the story her mother had told her. Her dad placed the lamb on the other girl's bed. "Sam," her mom had said, nodding toward Max's bed, "This is Max." Her father laughed nervously and placed the lamb at the foot of Max's bed. When her mother told her the story years later, Max had thrown the lamb away.

After the one visit, there had been letters and a few phone calls. Gradually the phone calls diminished, and the letters came less and less often. Finally, after she had written letter after letter with no reply, Max gave up. By this time she was in the sixth grade. At first the rejection had been hard on her, but as time passed she had learned to push it to the back of her mind. She had managed to keep it there until her freshman year in college. In high school, Max had never thought much about her dad. Everyone had known her parents were divorced and her father was out of the picture. No one ever asked any questions. Now that she had started at a new school, every new friend had asked the same questions. What does your father do? How come I've never seen him visit? Why

don't you ever talk about him? All she could ever answer was, "I don't know." The only things she knew about him, she had learned in letters from her grandparents. One thing she knew was that his company, whatever it was, had transferred him to Virginia. She didn't know where in Virginia. Just Virginia. He still hadn't made any attempts to visit.

Finally one night, Terri had noticed Max's eyes water when she asked Max what her father did. Before Max had even opened her mouth, Terri had asked, "Hey, Max. What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Max had said. But Terri kept on probing until Max had told her the whole story from the beginning. Both girls had cried and held each other for what seemed like hours. Max had felt so relieved to finally get it out. It was the first time she had talked to anyone about it. Her mom had always looked so depressed whenever Max had mentioned the divorce. In fact, the subject had always seemed off limits with everyone in her family. She had never wanted to burden any of her friends with the story either. They wouldn't have understood anyway. She had just learned to live with it. When Max had finished her story, Terri looked at her hard and said, "Max, don't your dad's parents still write you every so often?"

"Yeah," Max had answered. "But I've never answered any of their letters. I never did like them much."

"Even still," Terri went on, "Don't you think they know where your dad is?" Max nodded. "Then why don't you send him a letter through them and tell him you want to see him? It can't hurt."

Oh, yes, it can, Max had thought to herself. What if he never replied? What if he rejected her again? She wasn't sure she could take it. She'd been rejected by him once, that was enough. Terri finally let the conversation drop, but during the next few days the concerned looks she gave Max from across the classroom or cafeteria kept Max wondering if maybe Terri was right.

One night after she'd finished her homework, Max sat down and started a letter to her father. It was the most difficult thing she had ever written. How do you start out a letter to someone you're supposed to be close to, she thought, when actually the person's a total stranger? She had started, "Dear Sir," but had quickly wadded up the paper. This is ridiculous, she had thought. He's your father. Try again. Maybe use his first name. "Dear Sam." No that isn't right either. She had never thought of him as Sam. Only Dad.

She started off the letter again: "Dear Dad." She was so shaky that she almost felt sick. Her hand was trembling so much she had to stop to get something to drink. Maybe I'll just forget about it, she thought. I'll just go for a jog to clear my head. But the impulse to go through with this project kept gnawing at her. Finally she sat down and started writing.

Dear Dad,

There are so many things I feel I have missed out on in life because you were never there. I don't understand why you were never there, and I'm not sure I want to. All I do know is I want to see you. I'm not sure why. I guess to answer a lot of questions.

She looked at the pictures on her dresser. There was her dad holding her and her younger brother and sister in his arms. They were sitting on a huge boulder on the Pacific coast as the waves came foaming in around them. That photo was the only thing she had left that reminded her in any way of her father. She wasn't sure why she kept it. Maybe because of some need she felt to hold on to something. As she looked at the picture, she thought of questions

that had run through her mind through the years. Did her father still look like the picture? It had been taken when she was eight years old. A year before her parents had divorced. What was he like? She couldn't remember anything about him. All her relatives had always said she resembled her father in the face, but had probably gotten her temper from her mother. Max had never known what to think.

She looked at the unfinished letter in front of her. She read what she had written several times. It just didn't sound right. It seemed almost accusing. Sure she felt accusing, but she didnt' want to sound that way. She was afraid he'd never answer her then. She tore the letter up and started again.

Dear Dad,

I wonder about you all the time. There are so many things I need to know. I would very much like to see you. If you think this is possible, please let me know.

Sincerely,

Max

She had started to sign the letter, "Love, Max," but couldn't bring herself to do it. Although she had never stopped loving him. Never. That was the hardest thing. She had always wanted to hate him. If she could have hated him, then she wouldn't care. She wouldn't hurt every time she thought about him. But she had never been able to stop loving him, and every time she thought about him, the pain tore through her like a knife. That was why she kept the memories locked up-- so tightly, even she could rarely break the lock.

She read over the letter and put it in an envelope. She found her grandparent's address and carefully addressed and stamped the envelope. Then she went to dinner leaving the letter sitting on her desk.

It stayed there for three days, haunting her every time she glanced at her desk. On the third day, after dinner, when Terri had given her another one of those concerned looks, Max had gone back to her room and gotten the letter. She had walked to the mailbox. She had carefully checked the pick-up times listed on the side. She had stood there for twenty minutes pretending to read all the writing, trying to get the courage to open the lid and put her letter in. Then she had done it, quickly so she couldn't change her mind. She had gone back to her room, thrown up, and gone straight to bed, forgetting all about her homework for the next day. She had been a nervous wreck all that week, wondering if he would ever call.

Thursday night, about two weeks later, she was on her way out to go for a walk when the girl at the receptionist's desk had said, "Hey, Max. There's some man here to see you."

"Who is it?" Max had asked.

"Don't know. He's waiting outside."

Max went to the window and looked out. The man's back was to her. He was wearing casual slacks and a cotton sweater. The only other thing she could see was the back of his dark hair. As she opened the door, the man turned and looked at her. It was her father.

Everything around her suddenly seemed to move in slow motion. Her father looked just the same as he had in the picture except for the gray hair around the edges of his short haircut, and the extra weight he'd put on. Max just stood there for a moment. She couldn't believe he was there. Her dad. Standing right in front of her. Excitement rushed through her.

"Dad," she finally stammered.

"I got your letter," he said with a nervous smile. "I'm sorry if I surprised you."

She looked down at the ground. "I just thought you'd write first," she said.

"I had planned to," he said. "But then I was in town and I thought I might as well see if I could catch you." Max barely noticed the flicker of a smile that crossed his face as he spoke. Instead the words hit her with a coldness.

Thought I'd see if I could catch you, Max thought, like an after thought. The excitement she'd felt at first quickly vanished. A slow sinking feeling began to sweep through her. This wasn't the way she had planned it. She had wanted everything to be perfect. To know when he was coming so she could plan what to wear, what questions to ask, what to say to impress him. She had wanted everything to be perfect so she could make him love her again. Instead there she was in a tennis sweat suit. She probably reeked.

"Maybe we could go for a walk," Max hesitated as she spoke.

"O.K.," he said with a soft smile. They had started walking side by side.

"It's starting to get a little cold out these days," her father stammered.

"Sure is," Max said.

"It should get really cold soon," he said, coughing.

"Guess so," Max replied without much enthusiasm. This conversation isn't going anywhere, she thought.

"This is a pretty campus," he said.

"I like it a lot," Max told him. They kept walking. Max noticed how he kept his hands in his pockets and his eyes toward the ground. The only time he took his hands out of his pockets was to pick up a leaf from a tree and hand it to her.

"For you," he had said with a nervous smile. Not knowing what to say, Max had quietly taken the leaf with a gentle smile and put it in her pocket. She thought she saw a look of warmth on his face as her hand had softly brushed against his during the exchange, but she wasn't sure. Neither said much. They came to a bench, and Max suggested they sit down. Everything was so awkward. She kept hoping her dad would start more conversation, but he just sat there jingling the change in his pockets. Every once in a while he would look up and smile nervously at her. When Max couldn't stand it any longer she asked, "Where do you live now?"

"Richmond, Virginia," he replied.

"When do you have to go back?" she questioned him anxiously.

"Tonight," he answered with a sigh. Max's heart had sunk. She had hoped he would be in town longer to give them more time to talk. Everything was going wrong.

"Do you play tennis?" he asked looking at the tennis rackets imprinted on her sweatshirt.

"Yeah," she had answered. "I'm here on scholarship." She remembered with bitterness the fact that that was the only way she'd been able to go to college. "We wouldn't have been able to afford school otherwise."

He had flinched, but all he had said was, "I'm sorry." That was it. She had longed for him to taker in his arms and hold her. Tears came to her eyes and she put her head down so he couldn't see them. This man was a stranger to her now. She didn't want him to see her tears. He sat there watching her without saying anything.

Finally he had spoken, "I'm sorry I wasn't there for you. I can't explain why. I just couldn't be." Max looked up out of the corner of her eye. There were tears in his eyes. She didn't care.

Max jerked her head up. "You couldn't even write! I wrote you and wrote you and you never even bothered to answer!"

"I'm sorry," he said, pain in his voice.

"Don't tell me you're sorry!" Max said through clenched teeth. "I want answers. Explanations." That had been all she had ever wanted. Explanations. Just something to let her know that it wasn't her fault. That she hadn't done something to make him stop loving her.

"I can't give you answers," he said rubbing his eyes. "There are none. I can't think of any reason a man should ever get out of touch with his children. I guess I got caught up with trying to start my life over again. I never stopped loving any of you. Sometimes I think it was easier to just break away totally."

Max had listened to more than she could take. This wasn't how it was supposed to be at all. All the pain she had gone through just because it was easier for him! She knew now she should never have written that letter. She jumped up and started running to her dorm.

"Wait," he had called after her. But she had never looked back. Had never seen him again.

He had left a note for her at the desk.

"I'm sorry I've caused you so much pain. I never meant to. I do love you--I guess I haven't been very good at letting you know that. If you need me, let me know. I'm as close as your phone.

Love,
Dad"

Under his name he had put his name and his phone number. When Max had gotten the note, she had thought to herself, I got along without you before, why should I need you now? She had wadded up the note-- but she never threw it away. Instead she had tossed it in the top drawer of her dresser. She had taken the picture from her dresser and put it under some clothes in another drawer. She had never wanted to see the man again. He had written her a letter a couple of weeks after she had seen him. She had never opened it. She wasn't about to let him hurt her again. She had put it, unopened, with the picture.

Now, five months later, the same pain Max had felt then rushed through her again as she remembered it. Max reached up to scratch her nose and realized her cheeks were covered in tears. She'd been so involved with the memories that she hadn't even realized she'd started crying. She hoped no one had been watching. But she realized that in a way it felt good to cry about it. She had never told her mom she had seen her dad. She had never talked about it with anyone really. Only Terri knew she had seen him, and when Terri would try to get Max to talk about it, she would silently refuse and change the subject.

Max glanced down at her watch. Six o'clock. She'd missed dinner in the cafeteria. She wasn't hungry anyway. She'd grab a hamburger with Terri later. She walked back to her room to see if Terri was there. Instead she found a note on the memo board. "Max-- went out to eat with Jack. I think we may go to a movie. Back by 11:30. Terri." Max put her James Taylor tape in the

stereo. The tape started in the middle of "Shower the People." Max walked into the bathroom to wash her face as the music started playing: "Shower the people you love with love. Show them the way that you feel." Her dad had never done much of that, had he? Max splashed some water on her face as she thought, he hasn't told me he loved me in almost nine years. "Shower the people you love with love. Show them the way that you feel. Things are gonna be much better if you only will."

"Isn't that the truth?" Max said out loud. If only her dad could have shown her he loved her. She had needed him so much. He wouldn't have had to do that much. Just an occasional letter saying, "I love you," would have been plenty. Things really could have been so much better, but she guessed it was too late now.

As Max walked back into her room, the music faded out and the popular "You've Got A Friend" started playing: "You just call out my name, and you know wherever I am, I'll come running to see you again. Winter, Spring, Summer or Fall. All you have to do is call, and I'll be there. You've got a friend." As the music played, Max thought to herself, friend, maybe that's the key. Friend. Wasn't friendship the relationship most people built with their parents after they'd left home and gone to college? Her father could never be the dad she always wanted. He could never bring back the times they had lost. He couldn't share many of the memories. But maybe they could build a friendship. Start again. Make new memories.

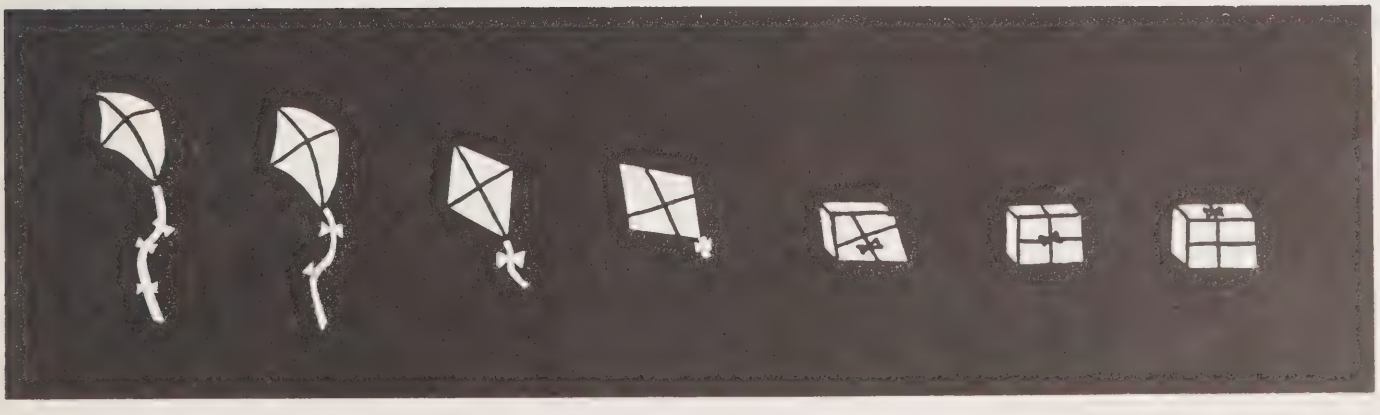
Going to her dresser, she pulled out the picture and the letter. She put the picture back where it had been on top of her dresser and stood looking at it for several minutes. She fingered the letter for a long time in her hands, but decided not to open it. Instead she opened her dresser drawer and found the small, rumpled piece of paper. She went back to sit on her bed grabbing the phone on her way back. She spread the note in front of her and slowly picked up the receiver. Carefully she dialed the number. She let it ring once. Twice. She couldn't do it. She started to hang up, but then the voice on the other end stopped her.

"Hello?"

Max hesitated. "Dad."

"Maxine?" Her father's voice came across the line. She couldn't decide if he sounded relieved or surprised. Maybe even happy. Max didn't care. He was the only one that ever called her Maxine.

Jenny Gibson



Tracey Fogerty

Miles Away

I crossed the red bearing sea
To stand with you

You seemed a thousand miles away
and fathoms deeper than the sea

And as my single eye met yours
You looked away . . .

No more than a touch beyond
What seemed to be, eternity

For as I stood beside you there
You seemed a thousand miles away.

What happened to our caravan?
Our loyalty, our whispered love?

Where are your tender quiet words,
Which soothed me in my times of need?

Why did this day pass us by
And leave these questions hanging low?

How long should I wait for you
For your return?

For standing here on shallow ground
You seemed a thousand miles away.

Then I heard the sparrow sing
As she does on normal day,

There she laid her nest of eggs
Beneath the onward looking sky

I saw these norms and searched myself
As river looks for flowing tides,

The tides then turned in opposite
And saw me there, when passing by

For it shared my feeling of . . .
Being endless miles away.

Crissy Lucas

Room At the Top

I always thought it would be easy.
Just to wish and make it happen.
Then I came to college...the
bottom rung of the ladder.
I always heard there was
room at the top. Now
I know who there's
room for: those
who make it.
Just in case,
when I get
there,
there is
no room,
I'll be prepared
to make a place.

Marcia Lynne Lee

Dear Little Brother

Dear Little Brother, I love you so much. You've brought laughter, joy, tears, and excitement into my life. As you grow older everyday I think of when you were a babe, holding you so close to me, cuddling you in my arms. Listening to your coos that turned into words. Watching you learn so many new things: to walk, to talk, to love, etc. . . . I often cry when I hear your soft little voice over the telephone reaching out across a hundred miles to tell me about your adventures. I wish I could be by your side to give you strength in school, in sports, and in life, to make you be a strong, fulfilling person. I look into your baby blue eyes and see so many things. I plan your future everyday it seems. I want you to be the best, have the best, and do the best. So, grow proud, think of those around you, make yourself happy, and always remember--I love you!!!

Lynn Woodard

Do You Know

How can I live in the present--
When I always think about the past?
How come I try so hard to forget--
Yet always seem to remember?
Why do I cry myself to sleep--
When I have so much to look forward to?
How come I feel so scared--
Realizing the love we could share?
Why do I run away from you--
Knowing you're something to hold on to?
Do you have any idea--
What my life would be without you?
How could I put the pieces back together--
When they didn't fit?
Do you know how the walls of my castle
would fall--
If it was not for you?
Do you know how warm I feel--
When you hold my hand?
What did I ever do--
To deserve someone like you?
Do you know that my love for you will last forever--
I know you do!!

DEDICATED TO J.R.

Rebecca Harrelson

As dawn breaks over
the horizon
so does my heart...
A feeling of loneliness seeps
through a vast opening.
A vast opening where my heart
used to be...
The reoccurrence of faith, where
last time I lost.
And probably this time I will also...
By chance or by faith, it really matters
to one heart,
mine,
Because to me after being just once,
you learn to look out for yourself,
yourself only...

Susan-Abernathy Johnson

A Single Green Balloon

Here I stand,
On the edge of your world.
My tiny black cheeks
Pressed against the fence
So hard
They are numb.
Inside
People dancing, running, playing.
I watch
You and your friends
Through this fence,
This barrier
That separates us,
As you laugh,
Enjoying your celebration.
The music pounds in my ears.
Dozens of helium balloons,
Tied along the fence,
Dance tauntingly above my head.
Red, green, blue, yellow, and orange
Forming a marching spectrum
Against the sky.
A guard spots me.
Running toward me,
He shakes his finger.
Quickly I reach up,
Grabbing a balloon.
Pulling,
Until the string snaps,
And I run
Holding tight
My green balloon,
Taking a piece
Of your world
With me.

Jenny Gibson

Evolution.
The way of life
Earth.
Heaven and Hell
Life and Death,
yet I stand at a point far
between both.
Not just plain fear but terror
haunts my heart.
Loneliness and hatred are my
friends,
should I cry, maybe for help?
No, they might think me a fearless
coward
but the tears stand ready to
march;
Sincerely down my cheeks,
Pale and Cold.
They hurt from my fake smile.
Too many "Thank you's"
my ears ring with "I'm so sorry."
Nothing will pacify the pain
that awaits in the shadow
of Death.
Hey, I love you too.
My eyes look onward in hopes of
some small happiness
but they are blurred
not by the endless sea of blue eyes
that I know await with comfort.
But by small puddles of
sweet but salty tears
leaking all my
fear,
terror,
loneliness,
hatred,
pain,
and hopes away
even if only
for just a moment...

Susan-Abernathy Johnson

Kerr Lake

I.

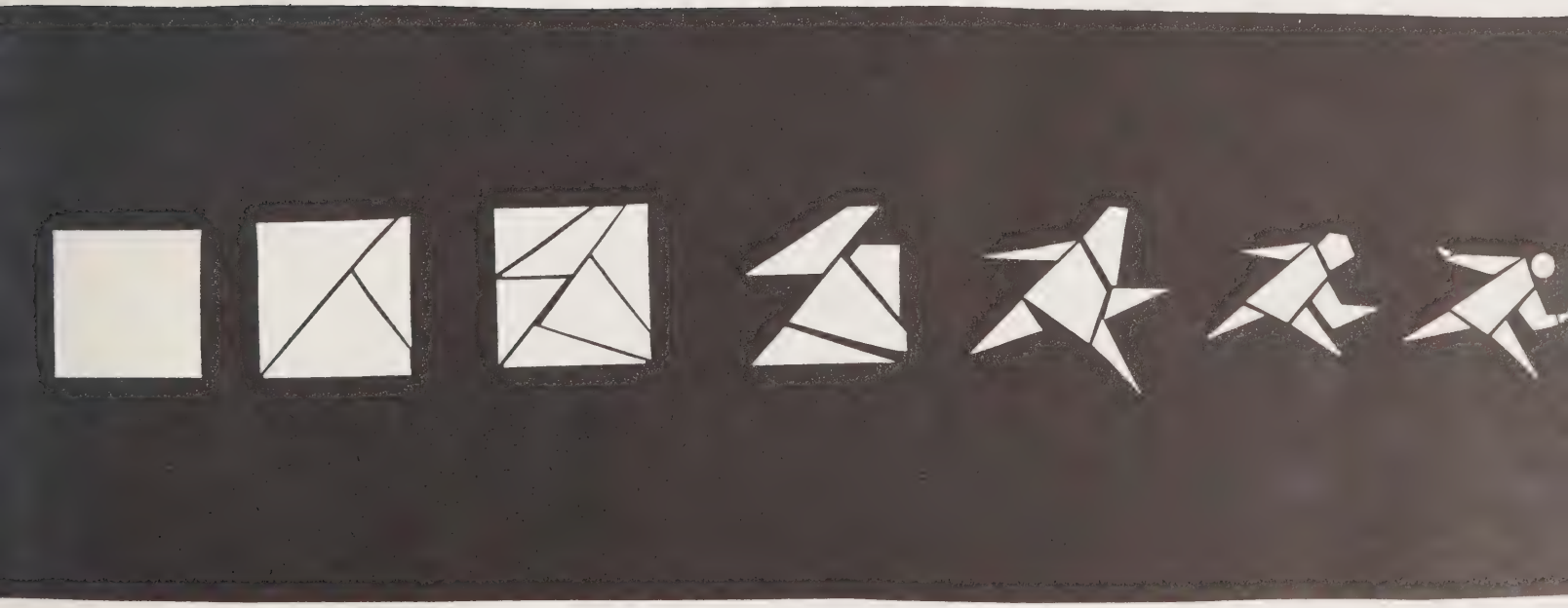
A fisherman-
Alone on shimmering waters.
With no cares.
Oblivious to reality.

The sun-
An Indian giver-
Its glistening rays
Splashing across the water,
Casting a shining stream of gold,
Beckoning the fisherman into fantasy;
Then,
Setting,
Taking its fantasy,
As it slips behind the distant hills,
Outlining their rugged silhouette.

II.

The lake-
A mother-
Comforting her child.
The soft ripples of her surface
Gently rocking him,
Restfully, softly into
Contentment.

Jenny Gibson



Elizabeth Stewar

Christmas Catharsis

Lifeless snowflakes drifted lanquidly. The dismal gray sky personified Lindsey's mood. Hopelessly, she stared out the window. She understood the dreariness expressed outside. Today was the first Christmas Eve without her beloved grandfather, and she saw nothing to celebrate. Lindsey thought of the wonderful eighteen Christmases that they had shared. All the fun, the delicious food, seeing neighbors and distant relatives again. The anticipation of Christmas Eve--wondering what St. Nicholas would bring and what was waiting for her inside each brightly covered package. This Christmas would be different without him.

She hesitantly walked upstairs to her bedroom. Peering longingly into the mirror, she saw a resemblance of her grandfather's face reflecting back at her. Slowly her eyes fell upon his picture sitting on her bureau. A tear trickled down her cheeks as she picked it up and walked over to her bed.

Lindsey lay down. "Why did he have to die and leave me alone? Why did I ever let him become my special friend? Maybe then it wouldn't hurt so much." Her body shook with sobs emerging from deep within as she buried her face in the pillow.

* * *

"Wait, darling. You're too small to cross the street by yourself. Let me help you."

"Grandpa, I'm almost seven years old. I don't need you to hold my hand to cross the street. All my friends cross by themselves."

"Yes, but someday, my child, you will want someone to hold your hand and help you cross a large street, but you will have to go alone."

"You're being silly, Grandpa. I'll never need anyone."

* * *

"Hello."

"It's Lindsey."

"Hello beautiful, how are you?"

"Great! Mom and Dad said you can come live with us FOREVER, not only at Christmas. Can ya come now?"

"I'll be there in about a week, darlin'. Get my room ready. OK?"

"K. Love ya, Grandpa."

"And you too, Lindsey. Bye."

* * *

"What is St. Nick gonna bring you this year, Lindsey? Have you been a good girl?"

"Of course. 'Cept he already brought it."

"He did? What was it?"

"You Grandpa. Look how beautiful the lights one the tree are when you squint. They look like tiny stars."

"Just like the Star of Bethlehem on the first Christmas Eve."

"What happened then, Grandpa?"

"Jesus was born, and He still lives today in Heaven and in our hearts. He'll live forever."

"Just like you, Grandpa," Lindsey said before she scampered off to sneak some Christmas cookies from the kitchen.

* * *

"Grandpa, will I be ten forever?"

"No, darling. Before you know it you will be a tall, beautiful young woman making an incredible impact on the world."

"Will I be the President, Grandpa?"

"Possibly. You can be anything you want to be, if you want it bad enough."

* * *

"I'm scared of junior high. Grandpa, what if no one likes me?"

"Don't be so nervous. Remember one rule for success and you will never have any problems with people. Always by yourself. Never follow everyone else."

"Thanks, Grandpa. Love you."

"Love you too, Lindsey. Have a nice day!"

* * *

"Grandpa, I'm the ugliest girl in the eighth grade. I'm the only one who has never had a boyfriend either."

"Darling, before long you'll have so many boys around you won't be able to keep track of them all. Don't judge your maturity by everyone else's standards. You're probably better off not messing with boys now anyway."

"But Jeff Williams is so cute. If I can't go to the movies with him, I'll die. And worse, I'll be the laughingstock of the entire school!"

"Lindsey, you'll live until ninth grade, I promise."

* * *

"Are you sure no one noticed the wrong note in my piano recital, Grandpa?"

"I didn't even notice it until you brought it up. You did fine. Be proud of your talents and accomplishments. There is no one else in the whole world just like you. Wanna go get a pizza?"

"Yea."

* * *

"Grandpa, I start real high school tomorrow, and I don't know what to wear!! Should I wear jeans or dress pants or shorts? Should I dress neat or sloppy? Grandpa, are you listening to me? Why are you laughing?"

"I'm listening, Lindsey. I'm not laughing at you, just at females in general. Just wear your favorite, most comfortable outfit, and you'll be the hit of senior high! I promise."

"I'm really nervous about starting high school. Sophomores are the scapegoats of the school. Have you heard what seniors do to them? It's awful. What if they don't like me, Grandpa? What will I do?"

"As I told you before, be yourself and you will be a smashing success."

"Now I know what you meant when you said that one day I would want someone to hold my hand as I cross a street. Wish you could come with me tomorrow."

* * *

"Lindsey, I can't believe another Christmas is here. This is our fifteenth together. Doesn't seem like that long, does it?"

"Nope."

"Anything wrong, Lindsey?"

"There won't be many more, will there, Grandpa?"

"Many more what?"

"Of our Christmases together?"

"Lindsey, our Christmases shall go on forever because we shall keep them where Christmas originates, in the heart."

"Love you, Grandpa. Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, Lindsey."

* * *

"Grandpa, can you notice my braces?"

"No, not really. You're just as beautiful with them as you are without. Your outward appearance will always be changing, but it's what's inside that really counts."

* * *

"Lindsey, I have never seen you look more beautiful. You look so beautiful with the colored ribbons, babies' breath and lace. You are going to be the most gorgeous girl at the prom."

"Thank you, Grandpa. I'm so excited. My first prom! And I'm going with a senior, too!"

"You are turning out to be a beautiful young lady. You have such a lively, outgoing personality and so many friends. Wasn't it silly to do all that worrying before high school?"

"Guess so. Oh my gosh, David's here. Come meet him, Grandpa."

* * *

"Lindsey, honey, why are you crying?"

"Tomorrow I start my last year in high school. I'm scared, Grandpa. All of a sudden I'm not a little girl anymore and now, almost overnight, I have to grow up, throw away my little girl dreams and face the adult world. I want to be seven again and have to worry about things like what doll to play with each day. Life was so much easier then."

"Lindsey, I have all the confidence that you are going to be successful in whatever you do. You are an intelligent girl with a lot of potential. Don't waste it. Never lose your little girl dreams. When you lose your dreams, you lose your reason to live."

* * *

"Grandpa, why are you so excited?"
"Look what came in the mail today!"
"Grandpa, I got accepted at Peace!"
"Honey, I'm so proud of you. I can't wait to visit you there. I remember calling your grandmother to come and sit with me in Main Lobby. Wonder if they still do it that way?"

* * *

"Lindsey, did you hear me yell when they called your name tonight?"
"Yes Grandpa."
"I must have been the proudest grandfather there, after all My granddaughter was the only valedictorian!"
"It was worth the hard work. I've got to change So I can get to the party. Good night Grandpa."
"Goodnight sweetie."

* * *

"Lindsey, Peace is just as beautiful as it was fifty years ago. Seems like the trees have grown a bit though. Your roommmate seems like a nice girl; ya'll should get along fine."
"I'm sure we'll be friends. Let's go try out Krispy Kreme."

* * *

"Grandpa, I'm home."
"Hi sweetheart, I've missed you so much! Has this semester been as long for you as it has for me?"
"Yes! I did well on my exams though. I think I got all A's and B's. I love college, Grandpa, but I've missed our long talks."
"So have I, Lindsey."
"Come on, Grandpa. Let's decorate the Christmas tree!"

* * *

"It feels so good to be back at the beach, Grandpa. I'd love it if I didn't have to work at that stupid restaurant. Then you and I could play and go fishing and build sand castles just like we used to."
"My poor old knobby knees will hardly bend enough for me to sit in a chair, much less play on the beach, Lindsey. You need to work. It's more fun than sitting around with an old man all summer."
Lindsey kissed her Grandpa on the forehead. "Don't let the heat make you grumpy. I'll see you later tonight."
"Bye darling."

* * *

Lindsey's body jerked violently. She was confused. Was all that a strange dream? No, she had recalled all of those special memories of her grandfather. Suddenly she realized, "It was a gift from Grandpa, his Christmas present to me."

All of his wise words began to sink in. He did not want her sulking this Christmas; he wanted her rejoicing as she had always done. Lindsey ran downstairs to tell her parents about her experience.

At the bottom of the stairs she saw their Christmas tree. Beside it was a picture of her and her grandfather from last Christmas. A tear trickled down her smiling cheeks as the clock struck midnight. It was Christmas Day.

* * *

Donna Jeanne Edwards

Jane Hill

The Rose

A structure of solitude
for rememberance past:
A single rose
will forever last . . .

A creature so beautiful
and lonely for love
A rose has awakened
and risen above.

Crissy Lucas

Choose To Hide

There are times,
when things get on my nerves,
for reasons I have yet to decide.
It's at those times I choose to hide.
I think of being a snail with
a nice shell to keep me safe.
I think of being a fish with
the ability to reach the depths
of the sea.
Oh, how nice it would be if I
were a crab - to choose the shell,
the water, or both.
Sometimes I feel like the sand
on a beach - riding through the
air at every whim of the wind,
only to end up in the same
place I began.
How useless it all seems to be.
I need things, too - just like
you.
I need the warmth a loving
heart gives, the help a kind word
lends.
I need the assurance a smile
brings, the comfort of a gentle
hand.
I need the never ending time
that is brought by a hug and
a place in which to flee when
I'm sad.
My choice is not to hide.
My choice is to be by your side.
My choice; however, means
little if not accepted by another.
I see you there off in the
distance somewhere - like
I'm the tower, you're the
boat.
The tower will always be
there - the boat sometimes
drifts away.
Undivided attention is what
I've been looking and longing
for; to speak and always be heard.
Take a look around.
For some reason it's not the same.
Oh, how I'd like to be right by
your side - instead you choose to hide.

Paige Capps

Time stood still for me today
but not just in the same old way.

God was there with all his friends,
waiting till my very end.

Until the time for me to fly,
up to his home upon the sky.

Departing was harder than I knew
but time came by me and all else flew.

The gates were open for me that day
for my ascent to Heaven's way.

Everyone came to see me through
most everyone whom I knew.

Those who had made their way before me
those in God's Heaven who'd alread come to be.

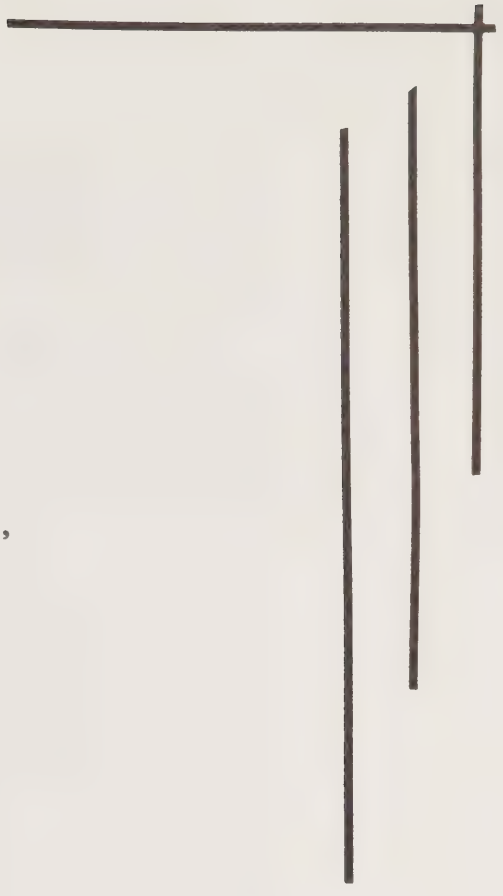
The loving, the laughter, and joy of the time
was held that day and allowed to be mine.

Time stood still for me today
but soon everyone must come this way.

God was there at my very end,
waiting, just waiting for me
with friends...

Susan-Abernathy Johnson

THE CLOWN



We all love the jolly clown,
he makes us laugh and grin;
but what's he like below the mask,
what's he like within?

Is he ashamed of who he is,
or who he tries to be;
because he hides behind this mask,
of false identity.

Without the mask the crowds don't cheer,
they only gaze and yawn;
they don't recall their friend the clown,
without his false face on.

But yet this clown stands not alone,
for many act in fear;
to be sonebody that they're not,
which makes them insincere.

So come and see the big pop tent,
the circus has come to town;
but down below and all alone,
stands a lonely clown.

Mindy Woods

The Truth

Sometimes, the truth hurts,
Sometimes, it's hard to say
what needs to be said.
Sometimes, being honest initially
destroys a relationship.
But, love prevails...
Honesty shines through,
and, the relationship grows even
Stronger.
Sometimes, coming out to say what
needs to be said opens two hearts,
Sometimes the truth brings happiness,
sometimes pain, but most of all,
the truth changes people for the best--
bringing laughter and a new, more honest
relationship.

Dana Watson

Blue Horse

In times long ago in a land far away,
with violence each night and silence each day,
I happened to learn of a plot meant to kill
the Russian Revolutionists and do away with their will.

Of how I learned is a very long story
involving many details, both vicious and gory.
So to turn to the tale of them learning of me,
and how they chased me, but how I got free,
the way I begin is always the same:
with a lasting companion, Blue Horse is his name.

I own not a thing, never earned a medallion,
except for my horse, a prize winning stallion.
He drifted to me one day long ago,
before I found out what I soon was to know.
He came with a spirit showing very little fright,
and that spirit shined through like a star in the night.
So I brushed him and fed him and led him to rest,
with the ground for my own bed, I ave him my best.
He stood by my side, exhausted I know,
but in heavy tired eyes not a weakness did show.
'Twas a beautiful horse, indeed I must say,
I always did wonder why he drifted my way.
His mane was so black that it looked quite blue,
like the blue midnight skies, so rare and so few.
I examined his coat as he stared hard at me,
and suddenly I knew what the future must be.
With me, such a loner, no friend by my side
a horse would be a great one in which to confide.
Then the spirit he possessed, yes one in the same
grabbed my heart and I knew that he must have a name.
Yet sitting there quietly, not a name could I find,
then his coat caught the light and Blue Horse caught my mind.

Through soft fields of green and great fields of hay,
we slept by the night and galloped by day.
And soon I loved greatly my friend, my companion.
That love could have filled up the greatest deep canyon.
He carried me gently, but rode like the wind.
I loved him so dearly, like a faithful first friend.
The days passed quickly, the years even faster.
Blue Horse was my equal, I would not be his master.
But the day came when fate made that horrible deal:
I had learned of their plan, yes the Russian's great will.

I was captured alone, for Blue Horse was away
out running the fields on that sorrowful day.
I was carried to camp and then questioned with strife.
My knowledge of them was to cost me my life.
They told me, those fools, with their man made powers,
that to think of the past I had twenty-four hours.
When morning had come I would be a dead man
and only because I had learned of their plan.
When the sun came up I had tear filled eyes,
but I soon had to muffle my trembling cries.
For the Russians, that is just what they wanted to see:
the loss of strong pride in a man like me.
So I stood up straight, in my ropes bound tightly,
while my thoughts of Blue Horse ran freely and quietly.
And that's when I heard his great gallop like thunder.
He was coming to put all those Russians asunder.
Then suddenly they fired, I heard my own cry.
For Blue Horse, dear Blue Horse would now see me die;
but, as my spirit ascended and my thoughts left my head
another shot rang out and then Blue Horse was dead.

His body fell hard, but his spirit soared high,
and we looked at each other as we met in the sky.
Then suddenly I knew that on that long-ago day,
my life was the cause for his drifting my way.
So I mounted Blue Horse for the very last time,
and his spirit was happy as it clung onto mine.
It was only a secret that we learned in the end:
to die like a saint, you must die as a friend.

Sandra Lynn Hasty

Robin Thompson

Brand New Me

I was daddy's little girl
and mommy's little joy
Deep brown eyes and bright blonde hair
that could belong to no little boy.

I was the baby
bouncy and new
And they spoiled me rotten
As I grew.

The love that they gave me
so special and dear
Yet rebellious and hostile
because of their fear.

So many things seem so unfair
daddy, I'm not the baby now
Yet I'm still your little girl
just give me some time, and let me learn how . . .

Give me my freedom,
Give me some time,
Until I am gone
And wedding bells chime.

Until your love is replaced
by another
Until I, become
A brand new mother.

Time goes so fast
I'm sorry for the pain
But you know, when I'm gone
My love won't change.

You have given me a world of love
love only matched
by my father
above.

But when the time comes
Will you set me FREE?
To a brand new world?
And a brand new me.

Crissy Lucas

Teardrops

Thank you, my friend.
For accepting my tears-
As they fill my eyes,
And then slowly,
With nowhere else to go,
Slide gently down my cheek;
For filling your eyes
With tears for mine,
Assuring me that you care,
That you're there to listen,
Even though I may not speak.
Then as our eyes meet,
And you see my embarassment,
Thank you,
For the smile
That spreads gently across your face
That touches your eyes,
Washing my embarassment away.
Finally,
When I can't bring myself
To open up
And explain my sorrow,
Thank you,
For expressing yours,
For opening up,
Telling me of hidden sorrows,
As tears trickle down your face
At their rememberance-
Your tears
Comfort me
And help me cope with mine,
And what I'm feeling
Is suddenly o.k.
As I reach out,
Softly brushing your tears away.
Our eyes meet,
And this time,
We both smile-
For this moment we've shared.

Jenny Gibson

Killed By A Drunk Man

I stood beneath a setting sun,
he laid beneath a rising moon.
Our lives together, just begun,
were taken from us all too soon.

There he had lain in crimson pools
of blood, with bluish pallor gaining
speed and overtaking the rosy hue
that had once in his face been reigning.

The rhythmic flashing of lights had soon
become ghastly, horrid, no longer safe.
My skin felt thinly stretched over a slowing pulse
and my spirit as a murdered waif.

Betrayed, alone, surrounded by brass buttons
and night sticks, I died with my hero, this man
called my husband, who lost at last
to a horrid end, an empty can.

They covered him with a wrinkled sheet
and placed him in a white metal hull
driven by men whose lives are death,
whose emotions are collision of compassion and null.

Beneath another rhythmic light, that is not blue,
but red this time,
He sped away my dying love, unable to drive
but riding this time.

The men in blue, they left in pairs
so that only a select few remained for clues.
But clues, what clues can be found in a mass of warped
metal and a pile of broken glass in which a man has paid his dues?

Endeared and cherished, his sweet heart had stalked out bad,
had lived for good, and fought
in his own life for justice and peace.
How could his life have come to nought?

For unawares he had been stalked by mankind,
who without guard for their own actions may kill many.
My man, one man, was killed by one man who had no regard for life,
no regard for any.

I stood alone, unable to separate this day from tomorrow,
because all my tomorrows had fallen into the hands
of a man who was being walked from the scene of the crime,
after loosing my husband from this earth's bands.

Sandra Lynn Hasty

Anger

Thrashing through my bones
like the spiked teeth of a wolf.
Temperature rises as my
face glows crimson.
Temper hot enough to melt
British Steel.
Emotions cold enough to turn
iced fingers blue.
The final tantrum will be
a timed detonation
Bomb ticking until
the final
EXPLOSION

Ginger Lynn Rimer

One Day

One day
I'll look back and smile.
Smile,
For the simple reason
that once there was a you and I.
I'll wonder what you're up to.
I'll wonder if you're happy
the way we were
when we were once together.
I'll think about those moments,
those tender ones
that will remain a part of me
until the day I die.
Then I'll have a second thought
for even hoping for the day
that you'd be mine and I'd be yours forever.
I'll feel that emptiness again
like when we were apart.
But now that distance is much further
than it ever was before.
A tear will drop once more
to rid myself of those feelings
of loneliness and sorrow.
Then the inevitable will happen.
I'll wake up in your arms
to find it was just a dream
and I'll look at you and smile,
knowing that you and I were meant to be
throughout eternity.

Paige Capps

Winter Promenade

I open the door
And brisk winter wind
Comes rushing in,
All crispness and vitality.
In the yard,
A stray withered leaf
Flutters slowly to the ground,
Surrendering at last,
To the lustrous snow below.
Slinging my skates over my shoulder,
I head for the pond,
Listening to the scrinch-scrunch
As my feet imprint the fresh snow.
An icy breeze brushes by,
Whistling happiness.
I pull my scarf tighter,
Full of anitcipation.
The husky pine scent
Of a nearby campfire
Drifts slowly by.
All around,
Trees stripped of their leaves
Casy shadows
Across the glistening snow.
Wind racks the branches,
Their shadows dance
Joining me on my winter stroll.
Ahead,
The pond,
Glazing,
As the sun's rays splash
Across its gleaming surface.
Quickly I lace my skates;
And edge onto the ice;
Gaining my balance,
Pushing off,
I glide to the center,
Surrounded by the clean, crisp
Whiteness of winter.
Its pureness so satisfying,
I could stay
Frozen in time
On my winter promenade.

Jenny Gibson

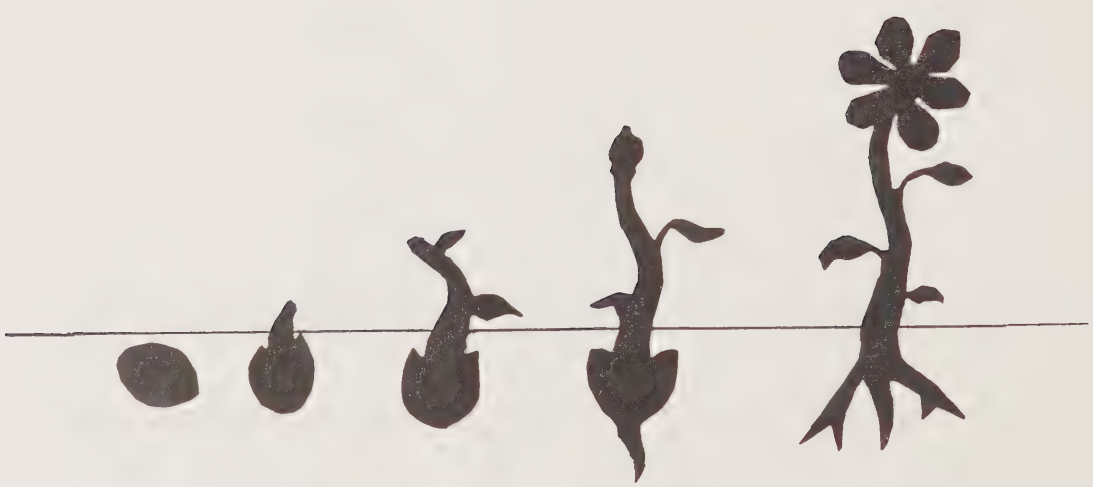
My Prayer

At this very moment
I begin with a prayer
Hoping He's listening up there.
Dear God,
Please help me
To not get so mad
At those annoying things
Life brings along the way.
I just need more patience
And wisdom, indeed.
Lord, I thank you
For all that you do.
Now I feel so much better-
Like a new girl inside.
For with Him
There's no need to hide.
Open your heart
To the wonders of God's word.
Let Him take control
Don't think it's absurd.
Be faithful in prayer
And be strong in the Lord.
You will feel like a bird that's just soared.

Paige Capps

If I die tomorrow
it will be a small loss
for no one cares . . .
 time has come and gone for me.
 I have lived my days
 till their end,
my next day worries me no more.
If I die tomorrow
do not mourn for me,
for now I will live.
I have waited for time and
 it for me,
But no one cares . . .
If I die tomorrow do not worry.
For what I have now will be of
 no use to me there . . .
I will be new again and can
 learn,
I will find the happiness there
that I could not find here.
If I die I will not care
 for tomorrows do not worry me . . .
Life is an essence in time
and mine will not end
 but many more begin . . .

Susan-Abernathy Johnson



Robin Thompson

Oh, God in heaven
look carefully
at the pain in my face
which I hope you see,

Help me God to understand
that this was one of your
just commands,

Because for the life of me
I cannot see
Why you didn't also take me . . .

Susan-Abernathy Johnson

Ocean Games

Surging Waves
Relentlessly rush
Toward shore,
Their tops,
Lifting,
Lunging forward,
Until they collapse,
Playing impetuous games
With defenseless sands.
And then,
Scampering quickly away,
Like mischievous children.
Only to make new plans
And come rushing in
To surprise their victims
Once more.

Jenny Gibson

Am I really that old buzzard in the mirror? No teeth. Skin's loose--barely feels like it's attached. Overalls don't quite fit, either. Guess I'll have to get Coy to help me pick out some more down at Martin Supply.

I will be damned! I just walked from one end of the house to the other and I can't catch my breath! Whew! This old chair feels good to my bones. I see the humming-birds are fighting again. Sounds like little airplanes. Boy! That little one sure can drink a plenty! Reminds me of old man Gurkin. He could put away many a quart of moonshine in his day. Gone now. I miss him. Everybody's gone. Sure gets lonesome. Especially since Ella passed away.

I can remember the first time I saw that woman. Prettiest thing I ever saw. Hair so blonde it looked white and those eyes! Blue as a morning glory. I put that woman through hell. I reckon now I'm paying for it.

Guess I'll fill up the humming-bird feeder. They take more sugar than I do. 'Mounts up! Can't afford it. Gonna get rid of it one of these days.

Who's that?! "Well howdy King! What're you doing 'round here? Come to spend some time with an old man?"

"Come to watch them birds of yourn for a spell. Didn't come to see you that's for sure!"

"What in the hell makes you think I'm gonna let you watch them!"

"Like to see you make me leave old man!"

"I could do it by God! I can still get the best of you, you old goat!"

Good old King. Good to see him, but I wouldn't tell him so. Wish he could've stayed longer.

Guess I'm going to Bill and Irene's for dinner. Irene is cooking ham and collards. The younguns always come on Sundays. I hope Irene don't put no onions in the potato salad. Don't like onions.

I feel like I'm busting at the seams. Et too much I reckon. Prob'ly be up all night with indigestion.

Starting to get chilly. Close that window in a minute. Right now I feel like being still.

What time is it? Must've dozed off. Here alone with the doors unlocked and it dark. There was a time when I was afraid of nothing short of God Almighty himself.

No need to close that window now. Crickets will help me sleep. Ella's picture by the bed. God, I miss her. Wish I could tell her how much. Her white cat misses her, too. Eats more than my damn bird dogs!

I remember when me and Louis, my brother, went bird hunting. I must've been around thirty years old. Louis about thirty-five. (Where did the time go?) One time we were at the Voice of America and hadn't got a single bird all day, so we went to Jack Roberson's store for a drink. He was a stingy old character. Give him two dollars for something worth a dollar-ninety-eight, and he'd keep the change, but don't think he'd let you cheat him out of ere penny! No sir! That S.O.B. George Rogers was laying out there in front of the store that day, shot in the leg and unconscious. Been fighting with them Edwards brothers. Troublemakers every one. Fun drinking partners, though. Me and Louis took George to the Doc. Old Doc said (Heh, heh.), "Ought not do a damn thing for him! He still owes me for the last youngun I delivered to his old lady. Sorry salmbitch!

Sure was funny when Doc poured that iodine straight into old George's wound. He <u>was</u> unconscious before that, but oh did he holler. Even came up

off the table he did--then gone again.

Me, Louis, and Doc shared some peach brandy and laughed at George. The Sheriff from Beaufort County came to get him. He'd been hiding out in the woods for something else he had done. Now, what else did he do? Reckon I'm senile--can't remember a damn thing! I do remember by then me and Louis were right tight. On the way to the Doc's, we stopped and took a drink (or two).

Ella was madder'n hell when I finally got home, but never said a word. Dear Ella. She was a good wife to me. Good mother to my children. Coy was her favorite. Really carried on when he died. Nothing I could do to stop her crying. I couldn't watch her cry; broke this old heart. Still does, what's left of it.

I was right--indigestion. Reckon I'll be back and forth all night. With everything else a hurting and failing me, looks like I could rest at night.

I feel better now; maybe I can still get some sleep. Hope I dream. Would like to be that young man, big and strong, like I used to be. Ella young and pretty again, waiting for me to come back from the first World War. Never been so scared in all my life. Bear Grass sure looked good to me after being shot at in ditches for so long. Lost some good men back then, some good friends. Cried over a couple--when everyone else was asleep.

Wonder if I'll wake up in the morning. Course I will! Woke up every morning for eighty-seven years. Surely one more ain't too much to expect. Never know though.

Would love to see Ella again. And Coy. I want to tell him I'm sorry for some of the things I said to him. He was real soft-hearted. Prob'ly why he was Ella's favorite.

Wonder if you stay the same age up above as you were when you died?

I'm so tired and every bone in my body is aching. Sleep is so warm and comforting. I can see Ella smiling like Mona Lisa. Her eyes sparkling and the sun shining in her hair. I'm coming Ella. I'm coming. . . .

Tammy Taylor

Kathy Vernelson

What is wrong with us here?
Why is there so much tension?
I feel as though I'm treading
on thin ice.
I'm afraid to say what I think.
I'm afraid to even say a word.
Everyone is caught up in her own world.
Their fast moving pace is almost too much for me.
Classes, homework, plays, meeting all hours.
No one has time to think. Just one thing after another.
God slow us down please!
Turn the tables for awhile.
I want my friends back.
Someone smile?
If I do maybe
I'll start a trend???

Susan-Abernathy Johnson

The Storm

Suddenly deep gray began to cover the bright
blue in the skies.
Drops fell as if from buckets out of the darkness.
The ferocious winds enveloped the car;
the tallest tree reached down as if to touch
its own roots.
The sun was nowhere in sight
And I was scared Lord.

But then the light seeped through the dark gray.
The drops of water ceased;
The clouds broke. . .
And in the opening, I saw You.
One small speck in the sky opened, and I almost
saw paradise.
I felt Your presence, Lord and I saw Your light.
The rays of the sun stretched down like arms
Your arms - reaching to take my hand, to say,
"I'm here, my child, never to leave.
See My light and feel My love.
I love you!"

Sherri Wentz

Adieu

Tears stain a cheerful cheek,
Pearls glisten in the sun,
Roses shout forth their importance
On this special day. . .
The graduates process around the fountain. . .
To sing, for the last time,
A song which will always hold dear memories. . .
The Alma Mater.
Again, tears dampen a happy face,
As friends say their last farewells.
Two years of happiness and security
Has been brought to a close.
The packing away of tattered letters and
Treasured mementos begins a new era in
Each girl's life.
Each young woman is filled with hopes and
Desires for a bright future
In a home-- not quite as dear as the old.
When the last treasure has been packed,
Each graduate says adieu to
A special stepping stone in her life. . .
. . .Farewell
Peace College!

Dana Watson

impact stays big

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